

THE
COMMON SCHOOL JOURNAL.

VOL. IX. BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1847. No. 1.

NEW YEAR.

THIS day, from innumerable pens and lips, falls the friendly salutation, "I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR." The air is vocal with this music of the heart. With such a sweet and cordial greeting, every friend loves to meet his friends; and even moroseness and ill-nature themselves are thawed by the warm breath of these words into a transient glow of sympathy and kindness. The greeting comes with smiles; and smiles are the visible aroma of benevolence.

But, alas! how thoughtlessly and flippantly are these supplicatory words often uttered; — offspring of the lips, strangers to the heart! What is it to wish a man, and more especially a child, a happy new year? Is it to pronounce a half-dozen syllables with the tongue, and then never to think more of the language or of its object? Is it to feel a momentary impulse of benevolence, whose death follows its birth without any interval of effort? Is it to utter a prayer not hallowed or sanctified by any exertion to secure the boon it supplicates?

All this is mockery. The foundation and the superstructure of human happiness can consist in nothing but health, intelligence, and virtue. Really and sincerely, then, to wish happiness for a fellow-being, is to wish that he may be the possessor of these qualities or attributes; because he cannot be happy, — as happy as his nature permits, and as his physical and mental organization indicates, — without possessing them. A genuine, hearty, truthful wish, therefore, that any one may be happy, will always be followed by efforts to secure its own fulfilment. There is none but God whose wish consummates itself; whose command for light produces light. This absence of power in man is supplied only by contrivance and toil, — by the labor of the mind and the labor of the hand. Hence, whenever we really wish well to our friends or to the world, it implies the idea, and it involves the determination, to do something for the promotion of their welfare.

It is in this comprehensive and only legitimate sense, that

we would introduce the Ninth Volume of the Common School Journal to the notice of our patrons, and to the friends of education, generally, with an earnest wish that they may all be blessed with a happy New Year.

For eight years, we have conducted this Journal as a labor of love. During several of these years, its income has fallen far short of defraying its expenses. Had we been originally led to engage in the enterprise from any pecuniary motive, that motive would long since have died from inanition and atrophy. But we started it with a strong resolve to try to do some good to a noble but neglected cause; and there has hitherto been enough of vitality in that resolve to sustain its existence under every discouragement.

In the mean time, numerous other periodicals, professedly devoted to the cause of education, have appeared, and — have disappeared. Though ably conducted, and worthy of public confidence, they have pined and died for want of a sufficiency of daily bread, — or daily means, — to support existence. Their ghosts wander through the land, and upbraid the indifference that suffered them to perish. And we must here chide those whom we most love; for we must say, that teachers have been criminally apathetic, criminally regardless of their own improvement; otherwise they would not have suffered those lights which were kindled, and set upon hill-tops, for the guidance of their feet, to be so suddenly extinguished. With the exception of the Albany District School Journal, — which receives the generous patronage of a generous State, — we believe there is not a paper in the country devoted to education, which can boast a longevity of twice three hundred and sixty-five days. Ephemeral all; not from weakness of constitution, but from the bleakness and inclemency of the zone into which they were born; — cast aside and suffered to die, not because they did not come on a heavenly mission, but because the world was not yet worthy of such messengers.

The failure of others is one of our strongest motives to perseverance. Had they succeeded, and borne the banner of this cause prosperously and triumphantly through the land, most joyfully would we have surrendered to them the honors, and the rewards of success, — contented to labor for the same great object in a less conspicuous sphere.

But there is an unspeakable gratification in standing by a good cause in the day of its feebleness or its adversity. There is a deeper pleasure in following truth to the scaffold or the cross, than in joining the multitudinous retinue, and mingling our shouts with theirs, when victorious error celebrates its triumphs.

Reflect, for a moment, how much more striking and significant our New Year's salutation would be, if it were to imply a happy close of the year just begun, instead of its happy

commencement. The happiest opening of the year may meet with sad vicissitude, and end in sorrow or remorse. But the happy termination of a year is a thing determined and unchangeable,—a thing defying annihilation or reversal. To invoke for mankind or for ourselves a happy ending of the year, implies a year spent in usefulness,—a year devoted to the service of mankind, which, properly understood, is the service of God. It implies the exercise of wisdom in selecting the fittest objects on which to bestow our endeavors. It implies a year of action, and not of indolence. Christ went about *doing* good,—not *mus*ing upon good, or *sing*ing it, or *sentimentalizing* about it merely, but *doing* it, making it a thing irreversible and unalterable. He selected the subjects which most needed reform, and applied his efforts in a way to effect the greatest amount of good.

This is a principle deplorably overlooked,—the application of good efforts to the most eligible point. In mechanics, as we all know, we must direct the power to the centre of gravity of the body to be moved. In optics, we must place the object to be illuminated at the true focal distance from the lenses. In metallurgy, we must concentrate the heat on the body to be melted or refined. In all dynamical or chemical arrangements whatever, we must bring the agent to act directly and immediately upon the thing to be affected. The superiority in the amount or in the excellence of the work done, is often determined by the relative skill of the workman in this one thing. If a laborer would uproot a tree from the ground, he strives to pull the tree out of the earth; he does not try to pull the globe away from the tree.

This principle, respecting the right application of power, is just as true, and is far more important, in whatever relates to action upon mind, or upon that which bears an analogy to mind. What advantage does the trainer of domestic animals, or the tamer of wild ones, demand? He requires but one,—the advantage of youth in the creatures to be trained or tamed. Give him this advantage, and it is hardly too much to say, that he will expel the old nature and breathe in a new one; or, if this should be deemed extravagant in regard to a single subject of the experiment, it must be confessed to be literally true, as it regards a great number of races, if successive generations are subjected to the trial. Was not the prowling wolf the progenitor of the faithful dog, and the wild buffalo of the patient ox? Nor is this half so wonderful as that Howard and Wilberforce should have descended from the loins of a felonious and piratical horde of Northmen; or that the glorious, free political and free religious institutions of our own country should have been evolved from English feudalism and hierarchy. As, in modern times, vicious influences and a vicious training for the youth of Great Britain have colonized Botany Bay with rob-

bers, burglars, and incendiaries, so it is as certain as any law of nature, that virtuous influences and a virtuous training for the descendants of these felons and outlaws, would break the entailment of vice, and transform them into a community of philanthropists and Christians.

The inquiry to which these remarks tend is this: Where shall the government, — which is responsible for the general well-being of the state, — apply its energies and its wisdom to the best advantage? Where shall the executive officers of the law, who are bound to keep the peace of the community, exert their vigilance and expend their strength with the greatest certainty or prospect of success? To what point ought the energies of the wise and good to be directed, in order to banish existing evils from the world, and to secure for mankind the highest attainable good? Where will the same amount of money, the same amount of effort, the same degree of Christian zeal, yield the largest returns of virtue and happiness?

Let us settle the question, in the first place, what our theory of government is. Are its functions penal and retributive merely, or are they also directory and preventive? Is not our theory of government too enlarged to permit us to regard rulers as men culled out and set up only to punish evil-doers? If this be all, then where is the honor of being elected to the office of legislator? If the end and aim of the lawgiver be no higher than to define and to denounce trespasses, knaveries, batteries, counterfeits, arsons, and treasons, then the office is detestable, and one would suppose, beforehand, that there could not be found, in a decent community, a sufficient number of decent people who would consent to fill it. One would suppose, beforehand, that the community would in vain beat up for volunteers to man posts so repulsive; and that it would be compelled to resort to compulsory drafts, or to the press-gang, as in case of war, to get men enough to fill the seats of power. No high-minded man emulates the office of Jack Ketch; and to be a mere moral scavenger, forever clearing away the filth of society, is as odious as to be a street one. If the state of society be naturally and necessarily a state of war, of mutual aggression and reciprocal plunder; if men are moral cannibals, preying upon each other's reputation and goods, and only abstaining from each other's persons, because they can find food more palatable; if it be the inevitable order and destiny of the world, that society shall breed bullies, and shall therefore appoint or elect an executive officer, who shall be the antagonist bully of them all; — if this be our theory of government, and if such a theory be the true one, then it would be well if the whole earth could, for a few precious hours, be made as destitute of an atmosphere, and of water, as the moon is supposed to be, until the present race should be wholly swept away, without any ark or any Noah to outlive the all-comprehending destruction.

But the ruler of the present day has nobler prerogatives. He is not to the state what the beadle is to the parish, — an officer appointed to flog great offenders instead of petty ones. His duty is to counsel, rather than to chastise; to multiply, and make more conspicuous and attractive, all possible inducements to good, rather than to terrify and frighten with denunciations against evil. He is to devise profound and far-reaching plans; he is to establish institutions and create systems which will work positive good, and thus secure to the world the immense advantages which prevention has over remedy. The ways to evil are infinite. No finite power can close them up, or supply sentinels to guard them; or pursue, through all their fatal and untraceable labyrinths, the fugitives from rectitude and purity. Before children are old enough to wander in the wrong direction, their faces should be set toward the right one, by all persuasions and entreaties; — by that kind of holy violence, by that pious resistance to the divine will, which Lot and which Hezekiah used of old, when they extorted from the Almighty more favorable conditions than had been propounded to them.

And what is the office of the Executive, in a Christian community? Is he chosen because he is supposed to have sagacity enough to outwit the common rogue in his artifices; is he selected because he is stealthy enough to lurk in ambush and catch the thief as he goes to his hiding-place; because he is strong enough to encounter the robber, and pluck his booty from his hands; or because he is brave enough to grapple with the murderer and bear him struggling to the scaffold? On the contrary, does not the Executive of a Christian commonwealth stand in a paternal relation to all his people? Like the father of a family, should he not see that all his children are taught what the laws are, before he punishes for violating them? How can he expect the members of his great household to be strong, if he has suffered them, during all their tender years, to violate the laws of health; or to be intelligent, if he has never developed their minds; or to be upright, if he has never cultivated their conscience? If they are expected to be industrious and exemplary citizens, they must be trained to habits of labor, of sobriety, and of practical benevolence.

Nor are the functions of the government economical merely; that is, they are not confined to a superintendence and management of the pecuniary or worldly interests of society. Railroads and other internal improvements, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, are essential to the well-being of society, it is true; but they may coëxist with ignorance, superstition, and crime. The human body must be protected from the inclemencies of the outward elements; but the human soul will be a far deeper sufferer, if not protected from the exorbitancy of the passions to which its own nature gives birth. The physical man must be nourished; but all the hideousness which

famine or starvation can inflict upon the body is not to be compared with the spiritual loathsomeness of a soul cut off from fellowship and sympathy with high thoughts and pure affections. There is a science of moral economy, as well as a science of political economy; and he is no statesman who has not studied and mastered the former as well as the latter. National virtue is as much the product of wise institutions, as national wealth. If the pecuniary and commercial interests of society need statistics and inductions, and a peculiar kind of administrative policy, so do its moral interests need the same. The course of policy pursued by the ruling minds of the age may promote or obstruct the development of a nation's moral grandeur, as powerfully and as directly as it may affect the operations of trade; and every patriotic statesman will inquire even more carefully into the profit and loss account, in the ledger of virtue, than into that of the ledger of trade. And, what is more, that course of legislation is suicidal which confines itself to the mere worldly prosperity of a people; because, when the lawgiver ceases to be a moral economist, as well as a political economist; when he ceases to incorporate into his codes as sagacious and as deeply-studied plans to promote the spiritual well-being of society, as to advance its temporal welfare, he demolishes his tower of strength with his own hands; he abdicates the throne where his power resides. He becomes that one-sided, half-developed, and monstrous thing, which, as it were, by a general though tacit consent, we are beginning to call a mere *politician*,—a man who has no enlightened and comprehensive views of human welfare, but who grovels through slimy and crooked paths toward selfish and ignoble ends.

But the true lawgiver takes a broad survey of all the interests he is to provide for. Behind all questions of banks or specie, of tariff or free trade, he sees a more important question; or, perhaps we should rather say, he looks at the moral, not less than the financial aspects of these questions, and decides in favor of them, or against them, according as they tend to subserve or to impair the interests of industry, frugality, and fair dealing. If it is proposed to replenish the treasury by a lottery, he asks what effect a lottery will have upon the industry of men. If it is proposed to derive a revenue by licensing gaming-houses or brothels, he inquires how the moral exchequer will stand, though the financial one should overflow; and such a legislator would as soon give his vote for opening a volcano in the heart of a city, to deluge it with lava, as for opening fountains of intemperance. For every railroad or other internal improvement which such a legislator would charter or aid, in order to facilitate exchanges among men, and bring the superabundance of one region to supply the deficiencies of another, he would open some communication also by which wisdom could be trans-

mitted from man to man, and from the old to the young, with more certainty and rapidity. For every encouragement which he would bestow upon the farmer, to improve his soil and increase its productiveness, he would devise some plan to improve his mind. He would not consider the soul of the cultivator as less important than the soil he tills; and, in offering bounties for improved specimens of sheep and pigs, the children of the household would not be passed by unthought of. In his contemplations, the green and fruitful fields, which the hand of industry has irrigated and fructified, would not appear half so beautiful, as the thriving and expanding faculties which had been enriched by the waters of knowledge.

The true lawgiver, — he who makes laws that will endure the test of time, — never prescribes a penalty for the commission of a crime, without seeking, at the same time, for some antidote against its repetition. He never builds a jail or prison for the punishment or confinement of offenders, without founding or fortifying some institution to prevent offences. If a plan is to be projected for the construction of a prison, or a system for its superintendence, he inquires, first and principally, not what the building or the administration will cost, but what species of prison architecture, and what system of prison management and discipline, will conduce most effectually to the reformation of the criminal. He never votes supplies for pauperism or destitution, without laying some plan of wise and preventive benevolence, which shall spread abroad competence and comfort. In fine, his statute-book will be more deeply imbued with the spirit of reward and encouragement for well-doing, than with threatenings and terrors against doing evil.

When the wise legislator sees avarice and cupidity overtasking children in a factory, he will provide that they shall be transferred to the schoolroom. When it was said that a merciful man is merciful to his beast, the implication was stronger than an assertion, that he would be merciful to his children also. Our laws provide against cruelty to dumb animals; but what egregiousness of inconsistency is it, to provide for the humane treatment of animals, and to leave children to the tender mercies of the most worshipped and idolized of all the gods, — him whose name is Mammon! Should children be found wandering about the streets, unoccupied, vagrant, learning and practising all the petty misdemeanors to which their age and capacities are equal, a new police should be established, — a police to prevent juvenile offenders from becoming adult ones. The artificial incitements to wickedness which seduce the rising generation into the paths which lead down to destruction, should be guarded, though half the population should be summoned to stand as sentinels at their avenues; or, rather, these lures to wickedness should be demolished and exterminated, if fire will consume them, or gunpowder will

blow them up. What fools and idiots are they who boast of the increasing population of a city, or a state, but think nothing of the character of its people; who say, we have advanced so many thousands, or so many hundred thousands, in our census, without asking whether the increase consists of wise and noble men, or of tigers or baboons. Nor does it partake any more of the attribute of wisdom to recount the wealth of the metropolis, or of the country, regardless of the means by which it has been acquired, and of the purposes to which it is to be appropriated. The great questions are, whether it has been acquired by honest or by fraudulent means; whether the products or commodities, in which it consists, will diffuse happiness or misery among men; whether its accumulations are to be expended in utilities and charities, or in the gratification of pride or vanity,—in ostentation or epicurism.

Now, whatever statesman or sage will effect reforms upon a gigantic and godlike scale, must begin with the young. He must labor in accordance with a principle which lies at the bottom of all reforms,—which prevents errors, by preëccupying the ground before they invade it and fortify themselves in it. The antidotes are so cheap that the poorest community can supply them; the remedies so costly, that they will beggar the treasury of a prince. Here is a field of labor more luxuriant than ever Ceres planted,—a field from which the gleaner will bear home richer sheaves than can ever reward the toil of the reaper in any other harvest.

We would commend to benevolent and philanthropic associations the expediency of devoting more of their charities to the training of the young. We should lament the drying up of any of the streams of benevolence that flow out in any direction, or cause verdure to spring up in any desert. But when there is an inevitable competition between different objects of charity, belonging to the same class, the rule of selection may always be determined by the age of the respective parties. The gentle and loving voice of a woman will subdue a passion in its infancy, which will bid defiance to a giant's power, if suffered to reach maturity of strength. The few fitting and directive words by which a wise teacher awakens the capacity of thought in a child, will dispel more darkness and ignorance than any eloquence can afterwards scatter, though every word of the orator should be a sunbeam of eternal truth. It has been found that missionary stations in foreign lands could not sustain themselves, and carry on their evangelizing work, with any thing above a very low degree of success, until they began with the children, and trained them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. What a lesson is taught, by this impressive fact, to all who have ears to hear!

'The immense superiority of the *preventive* over the *corrective*

policy, whether on the part of governments or of individuals, may best be illustrated by an example; and we select one which came within our own personal knowledge.

It was once our fortune, when a practising member of the legal profession, to be assigned, by the Supreme Judicial Court of this Commonwealth, as the counsel of a prisoner, who was indicted for the offence of highway robbery, — a crime punishable by death. The accused was already in prison. He had been shortly before sentenced for the commission of another offence, for a period of twenty years.

The name under which this prisoner was indicted, was George Walton; and his common designation was "Walton the Highwayman." His real name was said to be James Allen. He was a native of Lancaster, in the county of Worcester; — at least, we have seen it so stated in what purported to be his death-bed confession. He was born in 1809, and he died at the age of twenty-eight. Before he had arrived at the age of twenty-five years, he had completed a ten years' course of the most daring thefts, burglaries, and highway robberies, on modern record. Though he had been in prison considerably more than half this time, yet he had broken open not less than thirty stores and dwelling-houses, armed himself with pistols and robbed on the highway, and stolen horses at pleasure. He visited different States, to inspect the locality and accessibility of banks, just as a man of enterprise visits mines, or sites for railroads or canals, to seek for eligible places for investing his money; or as the good man visits the abodes of crime or poverty, to carry consolation or succor to the offending and the destitute. He had led an industrious life, though far different from the industry of an honest man. Unlike the upright laborer, who rises with the sun, but retires at night to take his repose, the hard master to whom this servant had bound himself made him rise at night, like the prowling wolf, and left him to such disturbed slumber as he could catch when the world was awake and active.

The occasion of our first acquaintance with Walton was when he was removed, by *habeas corpus*, from the state prison at Charlestown to Dedham, to be tried for his life. The trial was a protracted and a doubtful one. A great deal of evidence was introduced, — some of which the prisoner solemnly declared to be untrue, and which has since appeared to be so. The jury did not agree, and he was remanded to prison. A long time intervened before he was brought up to take his second trial on the same charge. At last, he was again tried, but with the same result as before, — the jury being unable to agree. Although the indictment was continued, the government probably abandoned all hope of ever convicting him for that offence, but relied for their security upon the almost twenty years' unexpired term of service, for which he was already

in prison. The length of the time that elapsed after his first arraignment for the capital offence, and before the close of his second trial, and the responsibilities connected with the management and defence of a cause involving such tremendous consequences, afforded us ample opportunity and inducement to become acquainted, not merely with the events pertaining to that particular case, but with the general history, character, and disposition of the prisoner. The result of this acquaintance was to fix in our mind more firmly than ever, if that were possible, the determination to regard the proper education of youth as one of the most sacred duties of a citizen.

Walton, — or whatever may have been his name, for he had many *aliases*, — was of a most resolute and determined character. He had a hardihood of nerve that would have made a perfect hero of the common and vulgar sort, under any emergencies. Nothing could terrify or disconcert him. He loved liberty, and his spirit chafed, like a caged eagle's, under confinement. Yet after his first imprisonment, which took place for some petty larceny, when he was only fifteen years of age, he never shed a tear of repining at his incarceration, his solitary confinements, or his subjection, sometimes, for twenty days together, to a bread-and-water diet, and this of the scantiest amount. Under severity of discipline, he felt a hundred tigers in his bosom ; but even here, his passion did not vent itself in words. *Mere words* were a worthless vehicle to convey such feelings as distended his breast ; and however important *words* may be made to appear to some school children, to him they were contemptible. Yet his heart was touched by the slightest acts of sympathy and kindness ; and his eyes would overflow with gratitude at evidences of real interest in his welfare.

Walton had great mechanical ability. Without ever having learned a trade, he would do what few professed craftsmen could accomplish ; and he exhibited that highest and most indisputable evidence of genius, — the power to accomplish difficult ends by most inadequate and trivial means. When in irons, as he was during a considerable portion of the different periods of his confinement, he would cut or break locks, file off chains, drill hinges out of stone walls, or would extricate himself in some way so quick and extraordinary, that, in former times, it would have been ascribed to supernatural agency. After his first sentence, he declared that he had never entered prison again without carrying a case of tools with him, secreted in some such way that no ordinary means could discover or remove them. We have neither time nor disposition to attempt a detail of the various artifices by which he eluded the vigilance or defied the power of his keepers ; and besides, we are averse, on principle, to exciting the imagination by a recital of such ill-directed and melancholy ingenuity. We will describe but a single instance, taken from among many others, as a

specimen of his practical genius. We refer to his escape from the Charlestown state prison, in 1834.

His reputation for passing unobstructed through bolts and locks being widely known, and some feeling of rivalry having grown up, as in such cases there always will, between those who desire to get out, and those who mean to keep them in ;— for here the strife between the *ins* and the *outs* is exactly the reverse of what it is in politics, — the greatest precautions were taken for his security. He was separated from the common prisoners, and placed by himself in a remote cell in the old and not commonly used prison. Whenever food was to be given him, or his cell was to be opened for any purpose, always one, and usually two persons were appointed to be present, for greater vigilance and security. Sometimes he was permitted to take the air, for a few minutes, in an arch or passage-way adjoining his room ; but, on such occasions, the eye of an officer was always upon him. Two cells were appropriated for his confinement, and he was transferred from one to the other on alternate days, so that his room might be inspected and searched more carefully. Notwithstanding these extraordinary precautions, one day, when taking his exercise in the arch, with an officer at his side, he seized an iron fastening belonging to the door of another cell, and, by a dexterous movement, passed it into his room ; and soon returning to it, he secreted the prize in his hammock. In the wall of his cell, for the purpose of affording a little light and air, two small apertures had been left, not more than four or four and a half inches wide. These openings were separated from each other by a heavy block of stone, constituting a part of the wall. To secure this stone in its place, a hole had been drilled in its top, by the prison builders, and a corresponding hole in the bottom of the one lying immediately above it. In these two holes, drilled so as to match, it was intended to place an iron bolt, so that, when the upper stone should be put upon the lower, the iron bolt should enter the holes of both, and make them fast to each other, while the bolt itself should be inaccessible. But in this place, through the carelessness of the workmen, — what great mischiefs come from carelessness ! — the hole had been drilled too deep, or the iron bolt had been made too short, for the latter had dropped down into the lower stone so far that it did not project up at all into the stone above it. By using his bar of iron as a lever, Walton slid the stone along sideways and inward, until he got the width of both apertures into one ; and through this opening he escaped. The exploit was justly considered one of the most skilful of all those with which the annals of prison escapes abound. He covered up his prison habiliments with a stolen cloak, found his way to Boston, visited an old comrade in crime, from whom he received clothes and money, and started off the same night for Canada ; whither,

by forced marches on foot, and by the aid of stolen horses, he arrived, after *ten nights* of travelling.

In Montreal, he opened a laborious campaign, six months long, of thefts and burglaries, — going wherever he pleased, as though he had not merely the freedom of the city, but the freedom of all the shops and houses in it. Finally, after half a year's active depredations, having at last robbed a jewelry store of property to the amount of about two thousand dollars, and being suspected and watched, he resolved to change his hunting-ground; and, with an audacity and recklessness that seems incredible, he returned directly to Boston. As he was alighting from the stolen horse on which he came to the city, he was recognized by a former inmate of the prison, who, probably stimulated by the reward offered by the government, reported him to the authorities, and he was immediately retaken. Being recommitted to the prison, he never afterwards left it, except when carried to Dedham, to be tried for his life, as before related. He died in July, 1837, about two years after his recapture.

It is our belief that Walton died of a broken heart. The plans which he had laid had all been foiled. The spirit of adventure with which he had betaken himself to the desperate business of highway robbery had yielded him but little booty, and had subjected him to the peril of his life. The expeditions he had made to other States in quest of heavy plunder had generally ended in disappointment. Before him, was the prospect of twenty years of sequestration from the ways and walks of honest men. His talents had been abused, by being devoted to the worst of objects. The better feelings of his nature, — and he had a deep fountain of them; but, alas! that fountain had never been opened, — had all been left without their natural solaces or incitements. From our acquaintance with him, we came to the opinion, that he would have been called a boy of a noble spirit; but false objects of ambition had been presented to that spirit, and it was unguided by any knowledge of the true purposes of life. He was capable of strong attachment, but the tendrils of that attachment, when they first put forth and sought to find a congenial object on which to fasten, experienced only icy indifference, cruelty, or neglect. The germs of honor were in him. In two instances, being engaged with an accomplice in robbing a traveller upon the public highway, and not finding much money in his possession, his comrade insisted upon robbing the man of his watch. This Walton peremptorily forbade. He thought it dishonorable to take a gentleman's watch, which he might not be able to replace, and which might have a value in his estimation, on account of the associations connected with it, beyond its pecuniary worth; — though, at the same time, he had no objection to breaking open a jeweller's shop, and helping himself to a bushel of them.

Under the influence of the educational spirit which is now abroad in the State, the Legislature of Massachusetts, at its last session, appropriated the sum of *ten thousand dollars*, merely for the purchase of a lot of land which should be an eligible site for a Manual Labor School, for the instruction, employment, and reformation of juvenile offenders. Some persons have thought this appropriation unnecessary and extravagant; yet here was a single individual, who, by the depredations committed during his short life, by the expenses incurred for his pursuit and prosecution, and the rewards offered for his arrest, — here is a single individual, we say, who cost the honest and industrious portion of the community, many, many times ten thousand dollars! The whole school tax of Walton's native town, from the time he was old enough to go to school, up to the time when, in the common course of events, he would have left it, must have fallen far short of the amount of the depredations he made upon society. What this one man cost the community would handsomely endow a college. Is not here an argument, which men, however short-sighted and penurious they may be, cannot fail to understand? The average tax paid throughout the State for the schooling of its children in the Public Schools, from the age of *four* years to that of *sixteen*, does not exceed forty dollars apiece. Here was a single individual who must have cost the community more than forty thousand dollars. What a Jewish percentage!

And now a single word as to the proximate causes of all this. It was the neglect, the criminal neglect, of his childhood. His mother died when he was but three years old. Shortly after this event, his father removed from the State, leaving his son in the care of a relative; and father and son never met again in this world. His master soon died, and Walton subsequently lived with various persons, and, of course, had a home nowhere. At the age of eleven or twelve, he went to live with an intemperate man, and, being maltreated, ran away. He entered into service in Vermont, but, not liking the place, soon left it. On being paid, two five dollar counterfeit bills were given him. This circumstance caused him to distrust the honesty of men; and doubtless he generalized so much upon what must have been so serious a misfortune to one in his circumstances, that he thought the rogues were not the exceptions in the human family. At the next place where he worked, he did not receive his full pay, and this was another fact which went to confirm his general belief of the dishonesty of men. After this, he led a partially vagrant life, working a short time in one place, and a short time in another, until, in the course of his wanderings, he entered into the employ of another intemperate man, who failed, was broken up, and left a part of his debt to Walton unpaid. Having nothing to do, he wandered about the streets of Boston. Here he was one day requested by a stranger

to assist him in carrying a large trunk; and, observing some suspicious circumstances about the case, and hinting at what he suspected, he was offered ten dollars for his services, — which, doubtless, meant for his services and his silence too. This was declared by Walton to be the first time he ever had any concern with stolen property, and this he considered the turning-point in his destiny. The man who gave him the money had been in the state prison twice, and was subsequently committed to it a third time. An acquaintance was now formed between them, and Walton, although a mere boy, — about fifteen years of age, — entered upon the career of crime and infamy which we have above described, which entailed upon him a miserable life, and terminated in a blasted character and an ignominious death.

One touching incident in the life of Walton we cannot forbear to relate. After his extraordinary escape from the Charlestown prison, when hiding himself in woods and thickets by day, and pursuing his journey by night, he reached, at the dawn of day, the borders of his native village. Here, turning aside from the road to seek seclusion and security in a wood, he remained, until the shadows of another night offered him their protection. During this whole day, he was within hearing of the old town clock, which, in his boyhood, had so many times struck upon his ear with a pleasant sound, without sending a pang through his heart. What must his emotions have been, on hearing those familiar tones! The sound must have seemed the same that he heard in his childhood, and with it must have come a resurrection of his childish memories, — the joyousness and the fearlessness which belong to the heart before it has been stained by crime. Then he was buoyant and comparatively happy; now he was an outlaw and a fugitive from avenging justice. As the sound of the village bell revived the memories of former years, were there no moral or religious principles, no sentiments of virtue or of duty, which had been inculcated upon him in early life, and which had been made by sweet voices and caressing lips to penetrate into his soul of souls, and, though long lying dormant, yet now ready to be awakened, and to become a ministering angel to hold back his steps from ruin? Alas! it seems there were none, — no holy words to rise like spirits out of the past, and bid him *forbear*! During the long hours of that day, more tedious than the watches of the night, remembrance conjured up, and brought around him, in that woodland solitude, no circle of sweet faces, to reiterate the counsels and admonitions which they had given him in his tenderest childhood. Had such been the case, the vivid recollections of long-forgotten words, received from his day-school and his Sunday-school teachers, together with the pleadings of his own heart, during the slow hours of that lonely day, might have proved the means of his salvation. But he had been a poor

boy, without means, without money, without friends, — probably rash and headstrong, perhaps troublesome and mischievous, and *practically, if not avowedly, was deemed to be not worth caring for!* Did he not make a neglectful world care for him with a vengeance? And in how many of our towns may there be such children at the present time, who, if subjected to the same neglect, will soon admonish us by a repetition of the same lesson?

We close this article with one reflection. Setting aside all the general and wide-spread blessings of our system of public education; counting as nothing the improved condition of the mass of the people, which is justly attributable to it; we say, without hesitation or reserve, that, if all our legislation and all our annual expenditures for an improved condition of the schools were shown to be capable of producing no other effect than to intercept and reform, in each generation, only half a dozen of such enemies to the industry and the peace of society as we have been describing, they would well repay their cost. Our whole extensive and somewhat expensive apparatus of means and measures for general education can be defended, and proved to be good social policy and good political economy, by the single consideration, that children with such hidden capacities and liabilities will continue to come into the world; and until we know exactly at what point they will enter it, we must be defended at all points, — as a city, whose walls are beleaguered by a deadly foe, must secure every part of its surface and its circumference against assault or surprise. Although by neglect, and by the failure to carry out our institutions to their proper extent and in their true spirit, one Walton has been permitted to grow up amongst us, yet none but the All-seeing eye can tell how many hundred others have been, by these institutions, not only rescued from the same fate, but have been made blessings to mankind by their talents and their benevolence.

“AND now I will tell you ‘a merry toy,’ as Jeremy Taylor says. Not far from here is a public school for poor children; and near by is a toy shop. A little boy, handsomely dressed, goes in there, and buys his pockets full of marbles. He watches till school is dismissed, then flings his marbles into the street, and runs. His bright face peeps round a corner, to see the poor children pick them up; but they never know who is their benefactor. I know not how he has worked it out, in his little brain, that all the playthings of this world ought not to be monopolized by those who have money in their pockets; neither do I know who he is. The woman, who tends the toy shop, says he often repeats this pretty little experiment, and seems to take great delight in it. If the world does not spoil him before he is a man, and if his head is as clear as his heart is warm, he will probably be an earnest rebuilder of the social system. It

he dies, meanwhile, he will deserve the Shakspearean epitaph, that I once read on a child's tomb-stone in Plymouth graveyard: 'God knows what a man he might have made; we know he died a most rare boy.'"

L. M. C.

THE MONEY WASTED IN WAR.—Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land on the globe. I will clothe every man, woman, and child, in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of. I will build a schoolhouse upon every side-hill, and in every valley over the habitable earth. I will supply that schoolhouse with a competent teacher. I will build an academy in every town, and endow it,—a college in every State, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace. I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill shall answer to the chime on another, around the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise shall ascend like a universal holocaust to Heaven.

Pigs have been taught to spell. A singular anecdote is told of one, which undubitably proves the force of early habit in animals generally, but in a pig especially. A learned sow, that was called "Bacon," would always spell Vauxhall with a W. This was always a matter of wonderment, till it was ascertained that she had been born on a market day, in Smithfield market. The inveterate misuse of the W at once confirmed her Cockney origin.

Captain Parry tells a story of a polar bear, which puts the instinct of this animal beyond all doubt. He had given it to one of his sailors, who, with this small capital, started showman, and, having taught the bear to dance, used to take it about the streets. The sailor afterwards assured Captain Parry that he never could get the bear to pass a barber's shop; he accounted for this, by saying, that, as bear's grease was sold only at those places, the animal was in a constant state of fear, lest it should be its fate to be sold in sixpenny pots.

If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress. If there be a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the death-bed reflection, that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.

[THE COMMON SCHOOL JOURNAL is published semi-monthly, by WILLIAM B. FOWLE, No. 138½ Washington Street, up stairs, (opposite School Street,) Boston. HORACE MANN, Editor. Price, One Dollar a year, payable in advance.]